

# THE LADY'S

OR,

## WEEKLY



# MISCELLANY;

THE

## VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, February 9, 1811.

[No. 16.

### ALBERT AND EMMA.

*(An Interesting Tale.)*

Concluded.

Events so extraordinary being soon circulated through the adjacent country, they were received at the castle of Clairville with dread and wonder, but in its neighbourhood with unfeigned transport and exulting joy. The unlooked for restoration of a family, to which they were strongly attached by every tie of affection, gratitude and duty, broke at once the galling yoke of that oppressive slavery, under which the tenants had groaned during the oppressive reign of an usurper, and promised them at length, liberty and happiness.

The approach of the young marquis to the mansion of his ancestors, being announced, he was met some miles from the castle by all the peasantry, who welcomed and followed him with acclamations of unfeigned delight.

The return of Bernard and his beauteous daughter, who were universally beloved, was likewise hailed by their rustic neighbours, with an honest simplicity of heart, to which envy is unknown, which so often mingles with the sentiments of those born in the superior ranks of life; and they cordially congratulated Bernard, on the rewards, which awaited his merits, in the advancement of his virtuous daughter.

As the high and venerable turrets of his native castle rose to the view of Henry, emerging from the thick foliage of the lofty trees by which they were surrounded; a thousand varied emotions filled his noble heart; tears to the memory of his unfortunate and reverend parents, rolled down his manly cheek! while gratitude to heaven, for the restoration of those rights that empowered him to diffuse happiness around him, softened his filial sorrow!

Bernard and Emma entered

their little dwelling with sensations very different from those, with which they had so lately quitted it. They wafted their mutual thanks to that Being, whose mercy had preserved them from the machinations of a once dreaded, but now vanquished enemy. The prosperous fortune that awaited Emma, filled her bosom with humble gratitude ; but the lovely unambitious mind of this child of innocence, impenetrable to pride and vanity, felt no haughty exultation in the prospect of her approaching elevation to a rank, the splendour of which, could neither dazzle her eyes, nor mislead her judgment.

The marquis de Clairville, suffered not the object of his true and tried affection to remain long in her humble retreat ; he reminded Bernard of the promise which he had given of his daughter's hand.

The scruples of delicacy, the conflicts of duty, and the claims of honour, no longer could be urged as obstacles to oppose such generous wishes ; sufficiently had Emma proved the conscientious virtues of her heart ; superior therefore to the arts of disguise and affection, she obeyed her fa-

ther's summons to meet her noble lover at the altar ; where they exchanged their mutual vows, and where crowned by an approving Providence with that refined happiness, which disinterested love and irreproachable honour alone can merit :

*' For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,  
And tho' a late; a sure reward succeeds.'*

### THE MONK OF THE GROTTO.

*A Tale.*

(Continued)

' My friend,' said the Count Caprara to the Marquis Spanozzi. ' Eugenio must be the husband of Virginia. Let us encourage in their young hearts a passion which cannot but be the source of every virtue, since their union will one day be the consequence of it.'

Eugenio made a rapid progress in the arts and sciences, instilled into his young mind. A smile or a kiss from Virginia was an ample reward for his assiduity and attention. Virginia was passionately fond of flowers, and the pains Eugenio took in culling such as he

thought most likely to gratify her, inspired these innocent and artless children of Nature with an irresistible taste for botany. She would often question him concerning the different countries of the globe, and the origin and manners of the people who inhabited them; this excited in his breast an ardent desire for the study of history and geography. The voice of Virginia was soft and melodious: and Eugenio who had a genius for music, soon learned to play on several instruments, and to accompany the sweet strains of his young and beautiful companion.—

Virginia was his sole delight; he neither beheld nor contemplated any other object, and the flame of love preceding his first steps in the career of life, already traced before his dazzled eyes the seducing path in which Hope leads the way.

‘ Dearest mother,’ said the beauteous Virginia to the Marchioness Spanozzi, ‘ with what pleasure shall I repeat at the foot of the altar, the oath of loving my adored Eugenio till death, of existing only for his sake, and of obeying him.— Can there be any greater happiness on earth, than that of submitting our inclinations to those we love.

The Marchioness melted into tenderness, clasped her daughter in her arms, and bathed her with tears. Maternal affection overcame her.

‘ May you, my dear child,’ said she, ‘ never know the misery of surviving the affections of a husband !’

Virginia who was incapable of feeling the whole force of this reflection, assured her mother that her Eugenio would be always faithful to her, and would, with equal fervour, repeat the vow of loving her to his last sigh.

The health of the Marchioness Spanozzi was weak and precarious; for several months she had been the prey of gloomy melancholy; she insensibly lost her sleep and appetite; solitude alone appeared to possess charms for her, and she seemed with difficulty to suppress a disagreeable emotion, which she had for some time experienced at the presence of the Countess of Capara. That lady possessed a charming and engaging figure, and enjoyed in triumph the praises which all who came to Torre Vechia, were eager to bestow on her.

Married at fourteen, and

the mother of Eugenio at fifteen, the Countess, under an appearance truly prepossessing, concealed a deceitful heart, and passions of the most violent nature. Capable of assuming every mask which she found necessary to her design, her softness was artifice, and her sensibility hypocrisy; the desire of pleasing engrossed her whole attention. Selfish, vain, jealous, and overbearing, she endeavoured to appear affectionate, modest, unassuming, mild and submissive. She possessed the peculiar faculty of making others give way to her fancies, while she had the semblance of sacrificing her tastes to their wishes. Her husband adored her. She appeared to return his tenderness, though, in reality, she considered him with the most perfect indifference. Eugenio was the only person for whom she sincerely experienced the least affection; but it was her pride, and not her sensibility that enjoyed the perfections of her son. With respect to Virginia, she had conceived an invincible aversion towards her. The excessive beauty of that lovely young girl excited her jealousy; nevertheless, she was lavish of her caresses, and

seemed to wait with more impatience than any other person, the moment which was to unite her to her son.

The character of the Marchioness Spanozzi formed a perfect contrast with that of the Countess Caprara. A profound yet dignified sensibility, and a state of health naturally delicate, imparted to her manners and actions a tint of melancholy which those who were not fully acquainted with her, might sometimes mistake for caprice or ill-humour. A disposition which led her to minute observation, and an intimate acquaintance with human nature, the knowledge of which is so little satisfactory, gave to her countenance, naturally serious, an expression of reserve and gravity which seemed to indicate haughtiness.—She spoke but seldom, disdained to flatter the world; but towards those whom she had once distinguished, she was prodigal of her attentions and affections. A virtuous wife and a tender mother, she fulfilled with zeal, and without ostentation, the duties which those titles prescribed. A passion of the most refined and tender nature had united her to the Marquis; her love had

been for a length of time repaid by a sincere return on his part ; perhaps any other but the Marchioness would have been unable to have observed the least diminution in the tenderness of her husband : he always appeared to conduct himself with the same degree of regard towards her, but her penetration and exquisite judgment prevented her from being long the dupe of appearances. She had perceived with horror that the Marquis had ceased to love her with his wonted affection ; and that fatal conviction spread a veil of grief over her countenance, which even hope was unable to remove.

It may easily be supposed, after the character we have given of the Marchioness, that she had carefully studied that of the Countess Caprara ; but the favourable impression which the engaging and kind deportment of her who was one day to be the mother-in-law of her dear Virginia, had impressed on her mind, made her reject those suspicions which her observations of a variety of unpleasant circumstances had excited in her bosom. She even repeatedly endeavoured to stifle that internal conviction, which may

be denominated the consciousness of a just mind, and often necessitates us to experience sensations contrary to those by which we believe ourselves affected. She accused herself for the severity of her suspicions ; however experience soon proved to her that they were but too well founded, and she at length discovered that the seductive charms of the Countess had deprived her of the heart of her husband. Too proud to give way to the least excess of her misery, but at the same time too sensible not to be deeply affected, a devouring grief preyed upon her vitals, and drained the sources of her life. In a short time she became merely the shadow of herself.

The Marquis accustomed to the extreme delicacy of his wife's health, seemed not wholly unconcerned at her suffering, but he was far from attributing them to their real cause, by the care he took to conceal the passion with which the Countess had inspired him.—He was one of those happy characters who contemplates every thing in the most agreeable point of view. Though weak to excess, he wished to appear possessed of unshaken firmness, and was incessantly

boasting of the energy with which Nature had endowed him. Hitherto the constant tenderness he had expressed towards his wife, had been more the result of habit, than of real and active sensibility. He had derived self-satisfaction from his apparent fondness ; and, besides, he was desirous of being beloved ; consequently he would have ever remained faithful to the marchioness, if circumstances had not ordained it otherwise.

With regard to the Count Capaara, he was a brave and loyal gentleman, who recalled to the present generation the virtues and manners of his illustrious ancestors. A good father, a faithful husband, the slave of his word, and of unstained probity, he possessed every quality which characterizes a man of honour. Though somewhat blunt in his manners, yet his easy familiarity inspired, at first sight, a sentiment of benevolence, which esteem for his character soon converted into a solid and permanent friendship. He was passionately fond of hunting, and passed his whole time in traversing the mountains and precipices in pursuit of the game with which that part of the Apennines abounded. Every

evening he returned, with gaiety in his heart, to the bosom of his family and friends, and each succeeding day renewed the same pleasures and occupations.

Such were the parents of Eugenio and Virginia. Those amiable children, inseparable in their studies, their walks and their amusements, enjoyed the present moment with delight, and contemplated in the future pure and unclouded happiness.

Every morning, at sunrise, Eugenio, after having consecrated a certain time to study, flew to the house of Virginia. His heart palpitated with joy, his eyes were fixed on the balcony of the chamber where his young friend reposed ; he watched the moment of her rising, and when the curtains of her windows announced, by this agitation, that Virginia had opened her beauteous eyes to the beaming morning, he could scarce contain the excess of his emotion. Virginia soon appeared at the balcony, a thousand times more fresh and blooming than the bushing roses Eugenio had gathered to adorn her. She smiled on her friend, wafted kisses to him, then descending, accompanied by Laurina, her nurse

they all three hastened into the delicious groves which joined the house of the Marquis Spanozzi to Torre Vecchia. There, seated on the enamelled grass, they enjoyed their breakfast with that gaiety and happiness which is ever the companion of innocence. They then abandoned themselves to a thousand sportive fancies, under the eyes of the good Laurina, who, placed at the foot of a tree, listened with delight to their mirthful sallies, and applauded the unaffected sentiments of tenderness they expressed for each other.

It was thus they spent the first hours of the day. Those consecrated to study, and the society of their parents, had no less charms for them ; for the period had not yet arrived when they required to be alone, in order to be happy. But when the first years of youth were succeeded by that more ripened age, productive of the brilliant illusions of which it is too often the victim, they preferred solitude, and silence of the groves. Virginia appeared more tender, and Eugenio more passionate, when, seated beneath the leafy shade, they discoursed of their mutual love

*(To be Continued.)*

*The SPECULATOR.*

NUMBER XV.

SATURDAY, Feb. 2, 1811.

*Congenial Hope ! thy passion kindly power,  
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour !  
On your proud height, with Genius hand in hand,  
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.*

Campbell.

THE position that Hope supports mankind through all the vicissitudes of life, is undeniable ; for in every class, and in every station, as well during the moments of pleasure as of pain, we find her holding up to the view of her votaries some desirable object. If man were to be deprived of Hope, the charms of life would meet in the deprivation, immediate dissolution ; he would cease to picture to himself scenes of future happiness ; the *delusive* pleasures of life, would vanish with the velocity of vivid lightning, and leave nothing for his active mind to contemplate but misery and despair ! But thanks to the benign creator of man, we have not to deplore the want of her assistance ; on the contrary,

at all times and, in all places, we find a never failing source of happiness resulting from Hope: it is the pleasing anticipation of future joys, that tends to heighten pleasure and alleviate distress. If we take a survey of human nature, we shall find mankind in all their various situations, ever attended by Hope;—but, for the sake of brevity, I shall confine myself to those objects who are more directly indebted to her aid. Behold the busy Statesman, forming plans of future greatness; the fate of Republic's, Kingdoms, and Empire's appear depending upon his abstruse cogitations, and imagination bow'd by Hope, carries him to the sublimest heights in his country's council. The most indefatigable industry, the most faithful zeal, combined with labour, are entered upon by him with the greatest alacrity; for Hope whispers him, that he shall one day rise to the summit of human grandeur, and his name loaded with blessings, be transmitted to posterity. Observe the influence of Hope, upon the mind of the youthful Hero, his breast swells high with exultation, when cased in the habiliments of war! and he pants for an opportunity to display

the prowess of his untried arm. At dead of night, he silently issues forth to view the state, and number of his warlike host, and feels an inexpressible sensation, as his eager eye measures the tented field, he hails the hour as auspicious—

*'When front to front, the banner'd hosts combine,  
Halt, ere they close, and form the dreadful line.'*

For 'tis Hope presents to his view the wreath of victory, at which he grasps in the field of slaughter, nay, even in the cannons' mouth.

See the Student, whose never slumbering imagination, will not permit him to sink into supineness, poreing over the page of information; follow him to solitude, the only place for mental recreation; and he will not be found wasting his lonely hours in frivolous pursuits, no, we shall find him endeavouring to surmount those barriers, that cause the imbecile sons of dissipation and riot, to start aside from their purpose, and essaying to render easy the ascent from the lowest depths of ignorance, to the most exalted heights of wisdom and learning. Hope, is his support, and informs him he shall receive a noble reward. Behold yon Stranger,

far, far distant from his native home, and an exile from all he holds dear. Time rolls heavily on ; hour after hour passes, but brings no joys for him ; he stands alone amidst a multitude : his weary eye roams around to find *one* friend, but alas ! his search proves abortive. He who was once wont to receive favours from all, is now denied the most trivial request. He who was once greeted with smiles, now meets nothing but cold and averted looks. He retires from the bustle in silence and disgust ; the tear of sorrow bedews his manly cheek, when memory carries him back to the pleasing scenes that are passed, and painful indeed are his sensations when he reflects upon the contrast ! But, Hope, bursts upon his mind, with the radiance of the orb of day, when emerging from beneath a watery cloud, and in one moment dispels the gloom that sets enthroned upon his brow. She leads him back to his absent friends, and paternal home ; he beholds them in imagination, anxious for his return, and he flies with the rapidity of the wind to meet their long wished for and tender embrace. In fine, all mankind receive comfort in

*life* from Hope, and by her they are supported in the hour of *death*. When the fragile and mortal form is about to put on immortality, Hope, points out for consolation, the divine truths of Christianity, the penitent turns to them as his only recourse ; and when the taper of life is almost consumed, Hope lifts the curtain of *Futurity*, and presents to him a crown of Immortal Glory !

*“Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime,  
Peal’d their first notes to sound the march of time !  
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade,  
When all the sister planets have decay’d,  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven’s last thunder shake the world below ;  
Thou undismayed shall o’er the ruin smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature’s funeral pile !*

\*\*\* upon reperusal of A. O’s Poem, I cannot give it insertion without first having an interview with the writer. Harry Tillettatle is a stupid fool, and *Brobus*, is his prototype. I am actually tired, with looking over the verbose trash, that daily comes under,

my inspection ; but for the sake of *fun*, I give the subsequent *inimitable* lines, *verbatim*, a place ; hoping at the same time, that the author's friends (if he has any) may ridicule him in all societies where he shall hereafter dare to have the impudence of shewing himself.

*Extempore on Miss H\*\*\*'s hand being frozen.*

*Miss Mary's hands look very blue  
With Swollen like, to crack the skin,  
Yet sure, I am there are, but few  
Hands, as free from every sin  
Why cruel hungry bitter frost,  
Did you the hands, of Mary bite,  
You'll quickly have to pay with cost.  
Miss spring will soon put you to flight  
She comes, Since you choose, to be rude  
For to, defend poor Mary's cause  
She'll pack you off to seek for food  
Far far from Mary's usefull paw.*

Z.

*Clara, may in time have a  
spare corner : that is should  
she learn to spell.* N.

*Solution of the Riddle pro-  
pounded in No 14.*

*Lot had two Daughters, and  
by these two daughters he had  
two Sons, which makes him  
Father and Grandfather.*

*Errata.*

*Owing to a necessary haste  
in which we were obliged to  
put our last number to the*

*press, we perceived many  
errors when it was too late to  
correct them, for which we so-  
licit the indulgence of our pa-  
trons.*

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

**VARIETY.**

**ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:**

**A TALE OF WOE.**

The following statement is ad-  
dressed to the editor of a  
London paper :

ON Monday the 22d Oct. a friend of mine happened to be passenger in the Chertsey coach coming to London.— At the extremity of Hampton, a beautiful young woman, well dressed, was handed up to the roof of the coach by a gentleman, who then quitted her : it was observed at the time that she took leave of her companion with marks of extraordinary agitation. She had not proceeded far on the outside, when the heavy rain compelled her to become an inside passenger. Nothing very particular was observed in her, till having taken some slight

refreshment, her manner betrayed much wildness and disorder of mind ; and soon after she fainted. Every assistance was immediately afforded, and the coach remained upwards of an hour in Brentford, while a humane apothecary was exerting all his professional skill in fruitless endeavours to restore her. She was utterly unknown to every one, and it was determined that the coach should proceed with her in that inanimate state to London. After a time, she uttered some convulsive sobs, and gradually recovered her self-possession. The story she then told, must "harrow up the soul."

She was, she said, the daughter of a respectable, excellent woman, residing at a little town in Scotland. She lived in the most perfect simplicity and happiness with her mother, who was in an infirm state of health, till she met the eye of a man, representing himself as an officer in the army, and calling himself Lieut. C. This supposed Lieut. C. ingratiated himself with the mother, and but too fatally succeeded in gaining the affections of the daughter. He proposed marriage. The good old woman, delighted at the prospect of an establishment

for her darling daughter, agreed to give her a hundred pounds as a portion, and a handsome stock of cloaths.

It is needless to detail by what artifices this seducer imposed on the credulity of those two persons, who had lived retired in simplicity and innocence : with the consent of the mother he bore off the daughter, for the avowed purpose of making her his wife ; he took care also to carry off the hundred pounds and five trunks full of cloaths. He first took her to Carlisle, where he succeeded in triumphing over her virtue ; from thence he proceeded to Whitehaven, and advanced by slow degrees to London. He never again talked of marriage, but became negligent and brutal in his conduct ; she submitted to these injuries without complaint, for thirteen months : trusting that her submission and her affection would at last interest him to treat her better ; but the savage heart of her seducer seems to have meditated a horrible catastrophe to this tragedy. On their arrival in London, she found herself pregnant ; under pretence of carrying her to his sister, he took her to a lone house near Hampton, with all her trunks. Here

his treatment of her was such, that human nature recoils from the detail; and this (Monday) evening, after taking from her her rings, her gloves, and even her pocket-handkerchief, he persuaded her to take a little walk with him. When he perceived the stage coach approaching, he gave her seven shillings, and told her she should go to London, and he would follow her in a few minutes with her trunks. She obeyed him implicitly, and ascended the coach; but there she learned from the passengers that there was no other coach to follow them, and her eyes began to open to her real situation—deceived and cheated out of her affections, deprived of her character and honor, deserted, pregnant, robbed of her money and clothes, anfeebled by continued ill-usage and starvation, several hundred miles from her poor mother and her friends, without a shilling in her pocket, or a door open to receive her!

This was her story, told irregularly and wildly, but with that genuine artlessness as impressed instant conviction of its truth. Need any comment be made upon it? surely not. But let the principal actor in this tragedy tremble, for unless

he makes all the reparation in his power, he will be discovered and proclaimed. The sequel to her story, as far as is known, is that when her fellow passengers found there was no way to stop her, in the Blackfriar's Road they called the watch. In the crowd collected, even at that late hour of the night, (half past twelve) there was an elderly, very well dressed man, with the manners of a gentleman, who expressed very great feeling for her situation, and pledged his word of honor to take a post chaise and convey her back to Hampton; she was left in his charge upon the faith of his pledge; but with a heedlessness unparalleled, and which the confusion of the moment cannot satisfactorily excuse. They omitted altogether to take his name and address, and have no clue whatsoever to find him out. If he is a well intentioned man, the notice taken of the circumstance will induce him no doubt, to make some communication; if the contrary—and this is not unlikely—as it is ascertained he has not taken her to Hampton, we must obtain a description of his person and advertise him.

Oct. 24, 1810.

W. C.

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, February 6, 1811.

"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the time.

*Loss by Fires*—The Cotton Factory,  
at Attleborouge, Mass.—loss \$ 12,000.

On the 24th inst. several dwelling houses and stores were destroyed by fire, at Exeter, N. H. It originated in a back house belonging to Nath. Gilman. The names of the sufferers are not mentioned, but the loss is said to be very considerable.

*Auburn, (Cayuga co.) Jan. 23.*

## DISTRESSING CATASTROPHE.

Mr. Bangs, a merchant & Mr. Hopkins his brother-in-law, were lately drowned in the Cayuga Lake, by the sinking of a Durham boat, which was too heavy laden, having 600 bushels of wheat on board. They were going to Mynderse's mills, but finding that the ice prevented their progress, they indifferently turned the head of the boat direct to the western shore, from which they were about half a mile distant, and the lake being somewhat rough, and the boat heavy laden, she soon filled. If any thing could add to the distress of this accident, it was the shocking inhumanity of a wretched set of cowards, who securely stood on shore, with boats ready, for two hours, to see first Mr. Hopkins drown in attempting to land and next, Mr. Bangs fall into the water through cold and fatigue, after repeatedly crying to them, in the name of God, for assistance, and holding by the mast, which was four feet out of the water, as long as he had strength. The remaining person on board, (the son of general Tillitson) saved himself by lashing his body to the mast, which he somehow performed when his strength had almost failed him. From this situation he was at last taken, in a lifeless state, but soon recovered. Those who are acquainted with the Cayuga Lake, know that there is little danger in crossing it at the worst of times in the flat-bottomed boats usual on its borders.

The oil mill in this village, erected by Dan Hyde, deceased, was consumed by fire on the 22d inst.

## VALUABLE RECIEPTS.

*For the Ague & Fever.*

Take the gizzards of white poultry (i. e. turkeys and fowls) I never made use of those of black fowls, as pigeons, ducks, &c.) open them, and clear them from the gravel they contain. After slightly washing them, let them be strung and hung to dry, either in a chimney, or in the sun, after which, let them be reduced to powder, sifted, and kept for use in a bottle well corked.—The dose is about a drachm for adults, and half a drachm for children, mixed in good old white wine, and taken about half an hour before the fit comes on, or on the appearance of the precursive symptoms of the fever. Thrice repeated, it generally cures. The usual regimen, and caution against cold and damp, will, of course, be necessary.

*For the Asthma.*

It appears by a late number of the Monthly Magazine, that the root and lower part of the stalks of the *Datura Stramonium*, (the stinking weed of this country) when chopped and smoked like tobacco, has afforded great relief to persons afflicted with convulsive asthma. The writer says, he generally smoked three or four pipes of it daily, and that he smoked as many as ten or twelve, without any unpleasant effect. He does not say whether the plant was newly gathered, or grist dried; but it is presumed, that every patient may make the experiment for himself. The *Datura Stramonium*, taken internally, is highly deleterious, and should not be meddled with but under the direction of a physician.

We are sorry to state, that on Wednesday night, off Sandy Hook, the pilot boats Governor Tompkins and Thorne, ran foul of each other, and the former sunk in about 4 fathom water. The latter received considerable injury, and came up yesterday to repair—but happily there where no lives lost.

## WANTED

*At this office, two Apprentices, to the Printing business.*

## MARRIED,

*On Saturday evening last, by the rev. bishop Miller, Peter Wing, esq. of N. J. to Miss Mary Johnson, of L. Island.*

*On Saturday evening last, at Greenwich, Conn. by the rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. David Kimberly of the house of Waring & Kimberlys, of this city, to Miss Eliza Ferris.*

*On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Noah Bartlett esq. to Miss Elvira Knapp, both of this city.*

*On Wednesday last, by the rev. Wm Parkinson, Mr. Henry Johnson, to Miss Rebecca Wharton, both of this city.*

*On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Lewis St. John, to Miss Phebe Eldredge, both of this city.*

*By the rev. Mr. Benedict, Dr. Moses Holbrook, to Miss Maria Prentiss, of Boston.*

## DIED,

*On Sunday Morning last, after a severe illness of 11 days, Mr. John B. Desdoit, aged 51 years, formerly a respectable merchant of this city.*

*On Sunday morning last, Mr. James Logart, sen. aged 73 years.*

*On Tuesday evening last, Mr. John Harbec, late of Albany, aged 68 years & 6 months.*

*On Tuesday morning last, after a painful and lingering illness, which he bore with christian resignation, Benjamin Donovan, in the 22d year of his age.*

*On the 1st instant, at Hempstead Plains L. I. after a short illness, Mr. Charles Cremmeline formerly a respectable merchant of this city, at the advanced age of 90 years.*

*On Monday morning last, after a painful and lingering illness, Peter Brinckerhoff, merchant of this city, aged 35 years.*

*On Monday after a lingering illness Mr. William Dominick.*

*On Wednesday morning last, of a short illness, Mrs Mary McDuffee, aged 75 years.*

*On Sunday morning last, after a short illness, Mr. Samuel Moore, aged 31 years.*

*On Friday afternoon last, in a fit of apoplexy, John Hamilton Hulett, aged 42 years.*

*At Baltimore, Albert Seakamp, merchant.—At Newark, David Hays, sen.—In Philadelphia, during the last week, adults 22, children 2 —total 43.*

*At Bethlehem, Penn. Jan. 31st Mrs. Hanuah Beneda. Governess of the young ladies academy at that place.*

*At Philadelphia, Alfred Madison, nephew of the President of the U. States.*

## GAMBLERS MOURN !!

*On Saturday the 19th inst. in this city Mr. George F. Strass, an old inhabitant of this place. He was, as we are informed, a native of Germany and by profession a Gamester. He was regular in his life and honorable in his profession—he presided with great dignity and success at the principal Phareoh Banks in this city for more than 20 years, branches of which (under his patronage) were extended far and wide through this and some of the adjacent states; indeed we believe he is entitled to the honor of introducing and systematising gaming as a profession in this state. The influence of his example and the countenance which was afforded him, the success of his practice, and the impunity with which it was carried on, induced many of the profligate, licentious and desperate, to put themselves under his auspices; some whom having taken their regular degrees (as we judge) have established independent banks, and among the rest, we are informed is one mulatto president. So that Mr. G. F. S. had the pleasure of witnessing the prosperity of the institution of which he was the founder, and the satisfaction before his death of seeing his labors in every sense crowned with success. But he is gone to his long home—and all lovers of religion, all the friends of morality, all who have a regard either for the laws of God or man, have to lament not that he is dead, but that he ever lived.*



*“Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate.”*

::::::::::

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*



#### THE LIGHT HOUSE.

The scene was more beautiful far to my eye,  
Than if day in its pride had array'd it ;  
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arched sky  
Look'd pure as the spirit that made it  
  
And the murmur rose soft I silently gaz'd  
On the shadowy waves pleasant motion :  
From the dim distant isle, till the light-house fire blaz'd,  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean :  
  
No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast  
Was heard in the wildly breath'd numbers ;  
The sea bird had flown to her wave girded nest,  
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.  
  
One moment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope,

(All hush'd was the billow's commotion)  
And thought that the Light house look'd  
lovely as Hope,  
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar ;  
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes re-kindle the star,  
That blaz'd on the breast of the billow

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies  
And death stills the heart's last emotion ;  
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean.



#### THE CONFESSION.

Yon ship my dear Mary, which spreads her white sail.  
Is ready to waft me away far from here :  
Shall a sigh from thy bosom be borne on the gale ?  
Shall the wave which pursues us, be mix'd with a tear ?

Oh say, shall I think on thee still with devotion ?  
Wilt thou suffer my image to dwell in thy heart ?  
Oh say, shall our sighs meet and kiss on the ocean,  
Then return to our breasts, fanci'd joy to impart ?

From her quivering lips, trembled 'No'  
in reply,  
And she forc'd an arch smile on her cheek to appear.  
But the 'No' which she uttered, was wrap'd in a sigh,

And through the smile on her cheek,  
there glisten'd a tear.

Twas in vain she attempted, to cherish  
conceal'd

What she wish'd, and yet was un-  
willing to own,

For her fluttering bosom too plainly re-  
veal'd.

That in her gay heart, blooming Love  
held his throne.

Lo! the breeze which floats by us, bids  
me be gone,

For, too cruel, it hurri's, you broad  
sail to swell,

Should you love, may you never, like me  
love a lone

May you meet a return: cruel Ma-  
ry, farewell!

I saw that her bosom, with anguish,  
was swelling

She extended her hand—and I press'd  
it in mine,

While the tears, which flow'd fast, her  
sweet secret were telling:

She sunk on my bosom and said—  
"I am thine."

#### MR. SPECULATOR,

The following lines were wrote about  
eight years since, (the authors age  
seventeen) and by inserting them you  
will oblige. ALEXISIMUS.

The sky was thick and overcast,  
And keenly blue the air  
When through the Streets a Lady past,  
With her fair elbows bare.

A hungry dog by chance, her spy'd  
And thought t'would be no harm,  
Sprang nimbly from his safe retreat,  
And seiz'd her by the arm.

A dog, good heav'n, the fair one cried  
And fainted in the street,  
Excuse me Madam, the dog replied,  
I thought it was some meat.

K.

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